

Wanamaker Primer



51a
Edition
225th
Thousand

RULE OF FOUR

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

To the Wanamaker Business Family :

“To *Temperance* I ascribe my long-continued health and what is still left to me of a good constitution; to *Industry* and *Frugality* the early easiness of my circumstances and acquisition of my fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled me to be a useful citizen, and obtained for me some degree of reputation among the learned; to *Sincerity* and *Justice* the confidence of my country and the honorable employments it conferred upon me; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the *Virtues*, even in the imperfect state I was able to acquire them, all that *Evenness of Temper* and that *Cheerfulness* in conversation which is still sought for, and agreeable even to my younger acquaintances.”

Wanamaker Primer

on

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



The Full-Rounded Man

The Typical American
Example of

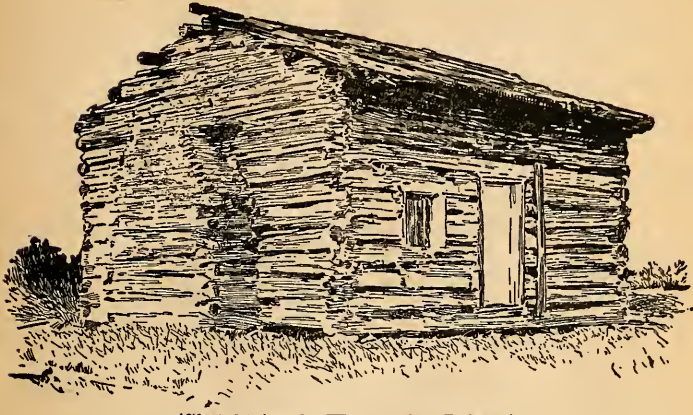
The Rule of Four

WANAMAKER — ORIGINATOR



(Sketcht for the Wanamaker Primer)

**President Lincoln and his son, Tad Lincoln.
(From War Department collection.)**



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
The cabin where Lincoln was born.

THE HUMBLE BIRTH

“Nancy’s got a baby boy.”

So announced Thomas Lincoln one cold morning in February to Dennis Hanks, his cousin, who tells in his own quaint way the story of the birth of the savior of the Nation.

Abraham Lincoln was born in that old, tumble-down log

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cabin near Hodgenville, La Rue (then called Hardin) County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

Let Dennis Hanks paint the picture:

“Tom an’ Nancy [Lincoln’s father and mother] lived on a farm about two miles from us when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin’ over to our house one cold mornin’ in Feb’uary an’ sayin’ kind o’ slow:

“ ‘*Nancy’s got a baby boy.*’

“Mother got flustered, an’ hurried up her work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn’t have nothin’ to wait fur, so I cut an’ run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

“You bet I was tickled to death! Babies wasn’t as common as blackberries in the woods of

Kaintucky. Mother come over an' washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. *An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got.* . . .

“Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve any as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom used to joke about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin. He growed out o' his clo'es faster'n Nancy could make 'em.”



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

**Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago,
by Augustus St. Gaudens.**

THE MARTYR DEATH

Fifty-six years later, at 22 minutes after 7 on the morning of Saturday, April 15, 1865, Secretary Edwin M. Stanton closed the eyes of this boy, then in the full prime of manhood—the President of the United States: a man whom Stanton had first fought, then sneered at, and then finally loved with his big heart—and whispered to the friends in the death-chamber:

“Now he belongs to the ages.”

The night before, when Lincoln was shot down at Ford's Theatre in Washington by John Wilkes Booth, Tad Lincoln, the

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favorite son of his father, came running into the White House and said to Thomas Pendel, the faithful old doorkeeper: "*Tom Pen! Tom Pen! They've killed papa dead—they've killed papa dead!*"

The night before his death Lincoln had a dream, the same dream which in his life had been the forerunner of great events. He often told to his friends that the night before the battles of Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, he had this same dream—that he was in a strange ship moving rapidly toward a dark and indefinite shore. When he had this dream on the night of April 13th, he said himself the next day that some important thing was going to

happen. It was Good Friday. He attended the Cabinet meeting during the day, at which General Grant was present, and he told the Cabinet of his dream. In the afternoon Lincoln took his wife driving, and she afterward told a friend that she had never been so happy in her whole life as on that afternoon.

Both Lincoln and Grant had been invited to go to Ford's Theatre that night, and both were warned by Stanton that it might be dangerous to expose themselves in public when the people were yet excited over the closing events of the War. Grant, whether influenced by the warning or not, went to visit his children in a Northern

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school. Lincoln went to the theatre. He was acclaimed by the great audience and given a grand demonstration. Suddenly during the progress of the play there was a pistol shot, a shrill voice shouted: "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and Lincoln dropped in his chair, never to speak another word.

Walt Whitman has vividly portrayed this scene in his great poem—

"O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!"

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all ex-
ulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
The bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

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O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the
bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, the eager faces
turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage clos'd
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, while my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

THE WONDERFUL LIFE

CHAPTER I

Lincoln—The Man of Strength

Lincoln is the great American example of the boy developing into the full-rounded man.

From his humble birth to his tragic death, as you read his life story, you will realize that everything he did he did—

*With all his Strength,
With all his Mind,
With all his Heart,
With all his Will.*



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln in 1864, showing the strong features of his face.

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Lincoln was a boy among boys. He was full of animal spirits. He delighted in childish pranks. He liked to play. He had his favorite swimming hole, like other boys. He had his boyish tragedies and his boyish comedies. He was intensely human.

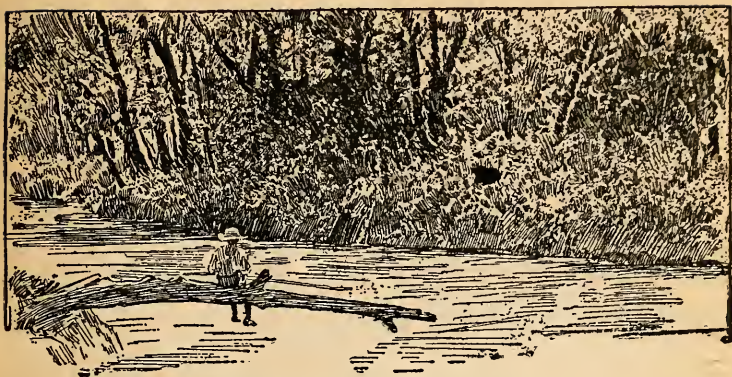
From the time his father, Thomas Lincoln, put an ax into Abe's hands and together they built their first log cabin in their new home in Indiana, to the very day of his death, Lincoln was a man of great physical strength, energy and endurance.

Abe's neighbors said he was lazy. Abe himself once said that "his father taught him to work, but he never learned

him to love it." Often while working on a neighbor's farm he would gather the men about the stump which he was trying to uproot, and in his droll manner tell them a story. This story-telling habit Lincoln never lost, and later in his life, when he was plunged in the depths of his country's misery and despair, he himself said that it was his one safety valve which prevented him from going insane.

But there was something going on in the MIND of this tall, gaunt boy which made a neighbor once stop when he passed Abe sitting on a rail fence, and say to his son: "*Mark my word, John, that boy will make a great man of himself some day.*"

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(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln's fishing and swimming hole.

Many tales are told of the physical strength of Lincoln. When 14 years old he was over six feet tall, lank and wiry, "*as strong as an ox;*" and the farmers used to say to one another: "*Abe Lincoln can carry a load three ordinary men can hardly lift.*" And one time, so the story runs, young Lincoln, "seeing three or four men preparing 'sticks on which to carry some huge posts,' relieved them of all further

trouble by *shouldering the posts alone* and carrying them to the place where they were wanted."

John Hay, President Lincoln's private secretary, and afterward McKinley's and Roosevelt's Secretary of State, gives us this record of some of the rails Lincoln split to enclose his new home.

With the assistance of John Hanks *he plowed fifteen acres, and split, from the tall walnut trees of the primeval forest, enough rails to surround them with a fence.* Little did either dream, while engaged in this work, that the day would come when the appearance of John Hanks in a public meeting, with two of these rails on his shoulder, would electrify a State convention, and kindle throughout the country a contagious and passionate enthusiasm whose results would reach to endless generations.

"*Abe never gave Nancy no trouble,*" said old Dennis Hanks, "*after he could walk, excep' to keep him in clothes.* Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet

buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no putection ag'inst the wet; birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe 'n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. *An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crik, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."*

But Abraham Lincoln DID grow up, *and he grew up healthy and strong because he lived the NATURAL LIFE*, and that

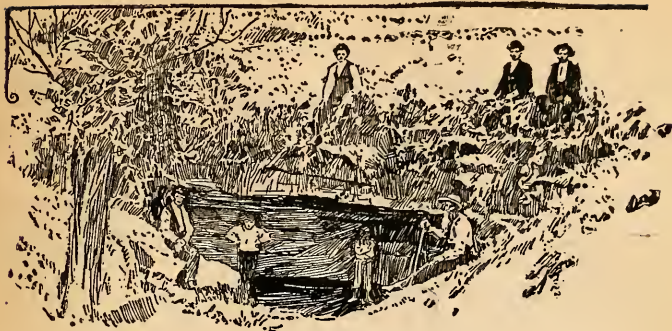
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is the secret of his wonderful constitution.

Abe's grandfather, after whom he was named, had moved into the forest country of Kentucky with Daniel Boone. And here he was shot to death by the Indians when his son Tom, Abe's father, was only six years old.

Thomas Lincoln grew up a poor, wandering orphan. He did not even learn to write his own name until after he married Nancy Hanks, Abraham's mother, who taught him to read and write a little. But Thomas Lincoln was a good, strong, healthy man, and his baby boy, little Abe, had a good start in life with a sound, strong body.

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(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Rock Spring, on the Lincoln farm in Kentucky.

The Lincoln family, of course, lived very simply. The little boy had only the plainest food to eat, and not too much of that. It may seem strange, but it is far better to have *too little* to eat than *too much*.

Young Abe lived very much like the wild animals in the woods around the little cabin where he was born. He spent most of the time out of doors, playing by the clear, crystal spring, called Rock

Spring, hiding in the woods and running along the banks of Knob Creek.

In the evening, while it was growing dark, Thomas Lincoln sometimes told Abraham and his sister Sarah, two years older, thrilling stories of his adventures with Indians and the wild game he used to hunt. Their mother often read to them from the *Bible*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and a few other books, for books were very scarce in Kentucky in those days.

The children went to bed almost as early as the birds. Abe climbed up to his low loft overhead by means of pegs driven into the logs, instead of stairs. He slept on a bed of leaves, very much as the birds

sleep. He grew up, breathing in the health and strength of the pure air around him, just as the wild creatures that he learned to know nearly as well as we know the horses, chickens and household pets about our homes to-day.

In this way Abraham Lincoln began in his early days to gather and store up the health and strength he needed for the great toils and tasks of his later life.

All through life Lincoln maintained this **STRENGTH OF BODY**, without which no man or boy can accomplish great things. When out among the farmers one day, seeking votes, when running for the State Legislature, he was told by the men in the harvest

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field that they would not vote for a man who could not "hold his own with the cradle." *Abe took hold of the scythe, cut the widest swath, and distanced all the farmers, gaining, it is said, by this feat no less than thirty votes.*

Still later in life, when at Washington, even during the most critical periods of the War, Lincoln would take his usual long walks, thus keeping at par his robust constitution and maintaining at its maximum capacity the physical machinery which a sturdy mother and a kind Nature gave him at birth.

While he was President of the United States, millions of people marveled and talked about his wonderful strength

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and ENDURANCE OF BODY AND MIND, which enabled him to bear the terrific strain of toil and anxiety. He would go night after night with little



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln during the critical days of the War.

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or no sleep during the terrible times of the Civil War. *The people did not then realize that he began laying in his stock of strength when he was a little boy living in the log huts in his "old Kentucky home" and in the camp and cabin of Indiana.*



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
The strong Lincoln profile—1861.

CHAPTER II

LINCOLN—THE MAN OF MASTER MIND

Strength comes from the body—which is visible.

Intellect comes from the mind—which is invisible.

Yet the caliber of each is judged by RESULTS.

We can judge the physical Lincoln by his feats of strength. We must judge the mental Lincoln, not by the schooling or education he received from teachers, *but by his words and deeds.*

There are just two ways of developing the mind—

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1. By taking in through the windows of our physical senses all the *useful information* about men and things that we can get hold of.

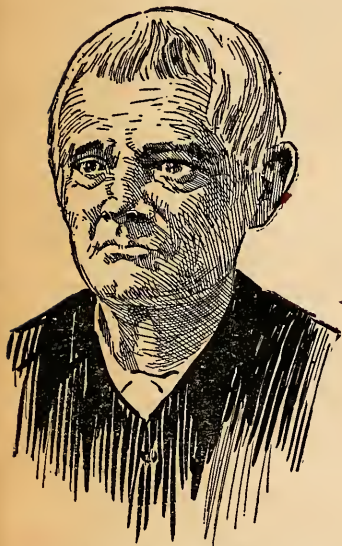
2. By exercising, strengthening, enlarging and drawing out the *innate positive qualities* of our minds.

Lincoln always had the windows of his mind wide open to the world. He went not long to school, nor was he surrounded by a large library, nor did he have great teachers to pump into him all the learning of the ages, but he had that wonderful twofold faculty of "*taking in things*" and then of being able to *classify his knowledge and to bring it into action at the proper time.* One lesson of Lincoln's life may be that *it is*

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more important to fill our minds with a few essential truths than it is to saturate our brains with a smattering of everything.

What books Lincoln read, he remembered and digested. What learning he acquired by his own efforts, he made use of in a practical way.



Let Dennis Hanks again tell the story, as he has told it in *The American Magazine*, for Dennis was the cousin and playmate of Lincoln and grew up with him.

(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Dennis Hanks, cousin of Lincoln's mother. It was through his influence that the Lincolns moved into Illinois in 1830, and he contributed some of the most important facts of Lincoln's early history after Lincoln's death in 1865.

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I reckon it was thinkin' o' Nancy," says Dennis Hanks, "an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next Winter. He could read an' write, Nancy an' me'd l'arnt him that much, an' he'd gone to school a spell, but it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school anyhow. Tom said it was a waste o' time, an' I reckon he was right. But Nancy kep' urgin' Abe. 'Abe,' she'd say, '*you l'arn all you kin, an' be some account,*' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it done Abe good.

"Well, me'n Abe spelled through Webster's spellin' book twict before he got tired. *Then he tuk to writin' on the puncheon floor, the fence rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit o' charcoal.* We got some wrappin' paper over to Gentryville, an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. It et the paper into holes. Got so I could cut good pens out o' turkey buzzard quills. It pestered Tom a heap to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was jist wrapped up in it.

"'Denny,' he sez to me many a time, '*look at that, will you? "Abraham Lincoln."* *That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me.*' An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to Abe. When Tom got mad at his markin' the house up, Abe tuk to markin' trees Tom wanted to cut down, with his name, an' writin' it in the sand at the deer lick.

"I reckon Abe'd 'a' got discouraged about l'arnin' after awhile if it hadn't be'n fur his stepmother. We was all nigh about tickled to death when Tom brung a new wife home. She'd be'n Sairy Bush, an' Tom'd be'n in love with 'er before he met up with Nancy,

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but her folks wouldn't let Tom have 'er, because he was shif'less. So she married a man named Johnston, an' he died. Then her an' Tom got married. She had three children of 'er own an' a four hoss wagon load o' goods; feather pillers an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts an' a chist o' drawers, an' a flax wheel, an' a soap kettle, an' cookin' pots an' pewter dishes.

"Yes, Aunt Sairy was a woman o' propputy an' could 'a' done better, I reckon, but Tom had a kind o' way with the women, an' maybe it was somethin' she tuk comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none. She made a heap more o' Tom, too, than pore Nancy did. Before winter he'd put in a new floor, he'd whipsawed an' planed it off so she could scour it; made some good beds an' cheers, an' tinkered at the roof so it couldn't snow in on us boys that slep' in the loft. Purty soon we had the best house in the kentry. Thar was eight of us then to do fur, but Aunt Sairy had faculty an' didn't 'pear to be hurried or worried none.

"She wasn't thar very long before she found out how Abe hankered after books. She heerd him talkin' to me, I reckon. 'Denny,' he'd say, '*the things I want to know is in books. My best friend's the man who'll git me one.*'

"Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cordwood. Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: 'See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that,' but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a heap.

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“‘Abe,’ sez I, many a time, ‘them yarns is all lies.’

“‘Mighty darned good lies,’ he’d say, an’ go on readin’ an’ chucklin’ to hissself, till Tom’d kiver up the fire fur the night an’ shoo him off to bed.

“I reckon Abe read that book (*Arabian Nights*) a dozen times an’ knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn’t have nothin’ much else to read, excep’ Aunt Sairy’s Bible. *He cut four cords o’ wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a life o’ Washington; an’ he’d lay over the Statoots (Statutes) o’ Indiany half the night.*

“We’d git hold o’ a newspaper onct in a while, an’ Abe l’arned Henry Clay’s speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an’ he got a little book o’ fables some’ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he’d gone to lawin’ an’ could make a jury laugh or cry by firin’ a yarn at ’em.

“‘Abe,’ sez I, ‘whar did you git so blamed many lies?’ An’ he’d always say, *‘Denny, when a story l’arns you a good lesson, it ain’t no lie. God tells truth in parables. They’re easier fur common folks to understand an’ ricollect.’* His stories was like that.

“Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve ’at he didn’t have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He’d put a book inside his shirt an’ fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an’ go off to plow or hoe. *When noon come he’d set under a tree, an’ read an’ eat. An’ when he come to the house at night, he’d tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an’ set on his back-bone an’ read.* Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantel-tree piece fur him, if she had one. An’ as like as not Abe’d eat his supper thar, takin’ anything she’d give him that he could gnaw at an’ read at the same time. I’ve seen many a feller come in an’ look at him, Abe not knowin’

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anybody was 'round, an' sneak out agin like a cat, an' say: 'Well, I'll be darned.' It didn't seem natural, nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the children pester him. *She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hendered.*

"You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' polytician 'r a school teacher'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say: '*Light, stranger,*' like it was polite to do. *Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail, an' begin frin' questions.* Tom'd tell him to quit, but i. didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side o' the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' fire sticks at the snow-birds an' whistle like he didn't keer.

"'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. *There's so many things I want to know. An' how else am I goin' to git to know 'em ?*' "

Lincoln always lived close to Nature and learned from Nature. He always had his



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln in 1858.

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eyes and ears wide open. He “sensed” things naturally without effort, and learned things which it took other men, called scholars, years to get into their heads.

Lincoln had greatly developed the power of *attention* and of *concentration*, because he became *interested* in everything of importance that he took up.

Attention, you know, is merely fixing your mind intently on a thing.

Concentration is simply prolonged attention.

Lincoln was a great listener. He could empty his mind of everything except the one thing that he wanted to hear and learn about.

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Lincoln also had a strong memory—"he would go to church," says Dennis Hanks again, "an' come home an' say over the sermon as good as the preacher. He'd often do it fur Aunt Sairy, when she couldn't go, an' she said it was jist as good as goin' herself."

Lincoln also had a powerful imagination—that architect of our minds which builds up and joins thoughts into ideas and judgments. He could throw on the screen of his mind the essential facts of a case and reach a sound conclusion better than any other man of his day. This faculty gave him that *sound judgment, that judicial mind,* which carried him and the country through the crises of the Civil War.

CHAPTER III

“HONEST ABE”

The Heart Side of Lincoln

While clerking in a store at New Salem, Illinois, Lincoln sold a bill of goods during the day, and when checking up his work at night found he had charged a customer a “levy” (12½ cents) too much. He locked up his store at 10 o’clock, walked several miles, and returned the money to the customer.

Another time, upon opening the store, he found a four-ounce weight on the scales. Realizing that he had not given a customer the night before as

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much tea as had been paid for, he walked out to her home before breakfast and delivered the rest of the tea before he could eat.

Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, said that he never could get Abe to charge a large enough fee.

Is it any wonder that with such characteristics Lincoln soon came to be called "HONEST ABE" ?

With all his other wonderful qualities—his great physical strength and endurance, his strong mind, and his forceful will—*Lincoln is perhaps the greatest example in history of RELIABILITY.* His word was as good as his bond. He always kept his promises. He did everything "*with all his heart*"—and his heart

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was right and true. He was just and fair always, but he was merciful and kind as well.

The life of Lincoln is filled with examples of his big heart. He could not tell a lie, yet he would never say or do anything that would hurt anyone's feelings. He would go out of his way to help even a dumb animal. It is related that when going to a Cabinet meeting one day in Washington, he found a little wounded bird on the sidewalk. He simply would not go on, even though it delayed the Cabinet meeting, until he got that little bird safe in its mother's nest.

While still a small boy, Abraham began to show that his heart was right. He was

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kind to his sister, who was always fond and proud of her young brother. After he became President he told this little story of his only recollection of the War of 1812:

I had been fishing one day and caught a little fish which I was taking home. I met a soldier on the road, and, having been always told at home that we must be good to the soldiers, I gave him my fish.

This must have happened when he was less than six years old. Another thing he did before he left Kentucky, at seven years of age, was to cut, with untiring labor and pains, spicewood boughs to burn in the open fireplace, to make a bright light and a pleasant perfume while his mother read stories to him and his sister from the *Bible* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

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Tears of indignation and pity often sprang to the tender-hearted boy's eyes when he saw his fellows ill-treating helpless animals. Once he caught several of them putting live coals on the back of a mud-turtle with a shingle. He snatched the shingle from the hands of one mischievous boy, knocked off the coals with it, then began to punish the lad for his cruelty. His first writing in school was in defense of dumb animals. Nat Grigsby, one of his boy friends, said of him afterward: "*He first wrote short sentences against 'cruelty to animals,' and at last came forward with a regular composition on the subject.*"



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Sarah Bush Lincoln. She was an important factor in the development of the strong character of her stepson, Abraham Lincoln, having entered the Lincoln home when little Abe was ten years old.

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When he was nine years old, Lincoln's own mother died. He seldom spoke of her after he grew up, but when he did mention her it was in fervent tones of deepest tenderness. Once he said of her: "*All I am or hope to be, I owe to my sainted mother.*"

Lincoln was brought up by a stepmother, *and yet he loved her.* He came from the people, *and he loved his people.* He loved even his enemies, and even the people of the South learned after the close of the War that *his armies were sent against them not in anger but in love.* He had greatly developed the heart quality of SYMPATHY. He was brought up in a rough and uncouth country, yet he had innate the

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virtues of *courtesy* and *politeness*. He had developed to an enormous degree the three great heart qualities of—

Faith,
Hope, and
Charity;

and above all else he was LOYAL—loyal to the American people, who had placed upon him the responsibility of saving the great American nation.

Pure in body and in mind and temperate in his living, he is the greatest all-around example of the MAN OF HEART that history has yet produced.

Wayne Whipple's *Lincoln Story Calendar* relates many tales of his kindness of heart:

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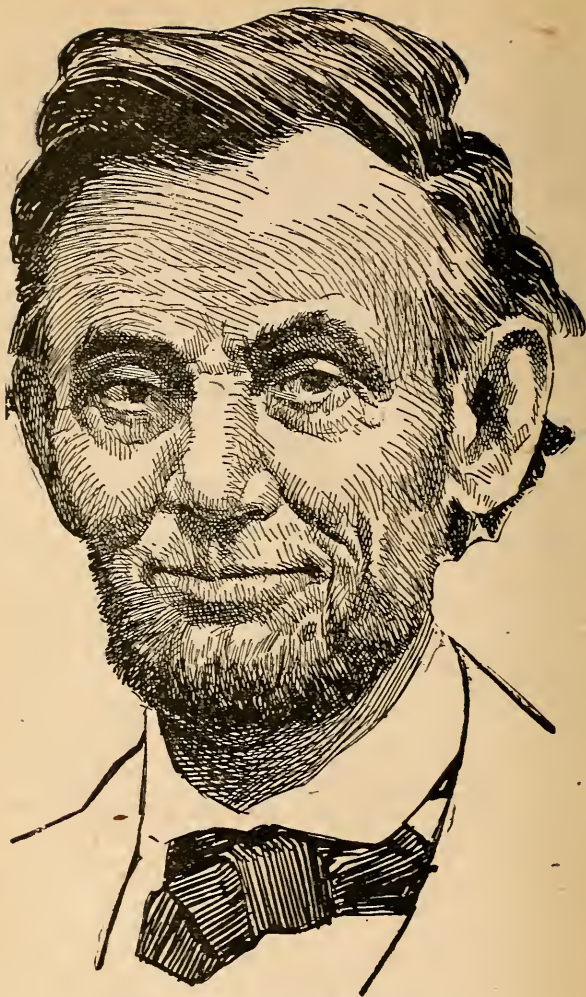
The story is told "of a little girl weeping at the gate because the hackman had failed to call for her trunk, and Lincoln promptly shouldered it and put both trunk and girl on the train and sent her off for her first outing on the cars, smiling through her tears; of a pig stuck in the mud, squealing helplessly, when Lincoln and his law comrades passed on their way to the next court—the others laughed over the pig's plight after they had passed, but its helpless cries rang in Lincoln's ears till he could bear it no longer; so he returned, and with one fence-rail for a fulcrum and another for a lever, pried the pig out of the mire, and traveled the rest of that day alone, muddy but content."

To the first \$500 fee Lincoln received he added \$250, which he actually had to borrow, to invest in a quarter-section of land to make his stepmother's declining years more comfortable. *Lincoln, when in prosperity, never neglected his "step" relations.* Several good stories are told of his giving money to his good-for-nothing stepbrother, and of his leaving the comforts and comradeship of a hotel, even

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during the exhaustion of his great debates with Douglas, to walk miles through rain and mud to call upon some distant relative. Once, when it was suggested that he needed the rest and shelter, he seemed shocked at the wickedness of such a thought, exclaiming: "*Why, Aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her.*"

Many stories are told of Lincoln's tenderness, which was as sensitive as a child's, while he traveled the Eighth Illinois Circuit as a country lawyer. The hardships of his life and the callousing experiences of the legal profession never hardened his heart in the least. Late one very cold night,



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

The smiling Lincoln.

(A rare expression.)

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Lincoln, the constable, and others, were returning from a hard day's work at threshing, when they found an intoxicated man lying in the freezing mud and ice of the roadside. The others said: "He has made his bed, let him lie in it;" but this seemed utterly monstrous to Abraham. The rest went on to their homes, but he bent his strong frame, gathered the dead weight of the large, heavy drunken man, and carried him eighty rods to a deserted hut, where he made a fire and warmed, chafed and nursed his unconscious patient all that night through. The man afterward said: "*It was mighty clever in Abe to tote me to a warm fire that cold night,*" and the poor fellow

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believed that the strong young man's kindness had saved his life.

When the Lincoln family moved to Illinois, they plodded through muddy prairies and forded swollen streams in a big covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. One afternoon about dusk, after they had floundered through a creek filled with broken ice, they discovered that they had left behind them a little dog, a pet of one of the family. The rest were for going on and leaving the cur behind, as it was already late, and to go back with the oxen was out of the question. But Abraham saw the little dog on the other bank, running up and down and yelping in

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distress. Referring once to this incident, he said: "*I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog.* Pulling off shoes and socks, I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

Soon after this, in Illinois, Lincoln was often without work; so he spent his time helping others who needed help, without pay. It was said of him that "*he visited the widow and fatherless, and chopped their wood.*"

Once, while he was a captain in the Black Hawk War, he stepped in and kept some

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soldiers, who believed that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," from shooting an old redskin as a spy, even at the risk of his own life. The angry soldiers threatened him for interfering, and he indignantly retorted, as he rolled up his sleeves: "*I'll tell you what—I'll fight you all. Take it out of me, if you can; but you shan't touch this Indian. When a man comes to me for help he's going to get it, if I have to lick all Sangamon County.*"

One day, when traveling across country from one court to another with several lawyer friends, Lincoln was suddenly missed.

"Where's Lincoln?" asked one.

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“Oh! when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hands, hunting for their nest.” He had seen the young birds fluttering on the ground in a thicket, had hitched his horse, caught the birds, and was going about searching tree after tree for the nest from which the fledglings had fallen.

An hour later, when Lincoln caught up with his friends, they laughed at him for wasting his time in such a childish way. He replied, with great earnestness:

“Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well to-night if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears.”

Lincoln's heart taught him true politeness. He was by nature kind and gentle—a gentleman,

without the superficial veneer or "polish" which often passes for gentility. He had a "heart of oak," true, loyal, grateful—never forgetting a favor. One day, not long before he started for Washington to assume the reins of government, an old woman whom he called "Aunt Sally" came to see him. He was talking with two men of national renown, but he rushed to meet her, seated her in the chair of honor, introduced his distinguished guests, and put her at ease by telling what good times he used to have at her house on "Sangamon Bottom."

"Gentlemen," said he, "*this is a good old friend of mine. She can bake the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and she has baked them for me many a time.*"

Then "Aunt Sally" pulled out a huge pair of coarse yarn socks and handed them to Mr. Lincoln. He took the stockings by the toes, holding one in each hand beside his great feet, as he exclaimed :

"She got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she, gentlemen?"

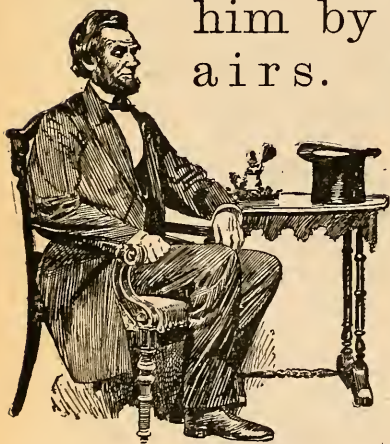
Then he took both the good woman's hands in his, told her how pleased he was with her remembrance, and promised to take the stockings to Washington, wear them in the White House, and think of her when he did so. And he *meant* it, every word! He was incapable of winking or laughing behind dear "Aunt Sally's" back. His heart was too kind and loyal for anything like

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that, though it was full of fun, for he had the keenest possible sense of the ludicrous. *To Lincoln there could be nothing funny in any act of sincere kindness from a good old friend.*

There came the severest test of Lincoln's HEART after he became President. His Cabinet was made up of his political rivals, who insulted him by their patronizing airs. Each and all thought Lincoln's election a grand blunder.

Seward, as Secretary of State, generously offered to run things if Lincoln would



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln and his famous beaver hat. (From Meserve collection, New York.)

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only keep his hands off and hold back the rest of the Cabinet. Lincoln, with gentle firmness, without telling any one of the Secretary's fault and weakness, converted a jealous rival into a staunch friend.

Chase was allowed to go on using his position as Secretary of the Treasury against his silent chief, but Lincoln disposed of Chase with a shrewd kindness which was then called "diplomacy."

And Stanton, brusque, bitter, caustic, overbearing, insolent, abusive Stanton, who had called Lincoln an "imbecile," an "ogre," a "gorilla" and a "fool," was transformed into a loyal, devoted, staunch friend and admirer of his chief. Mind

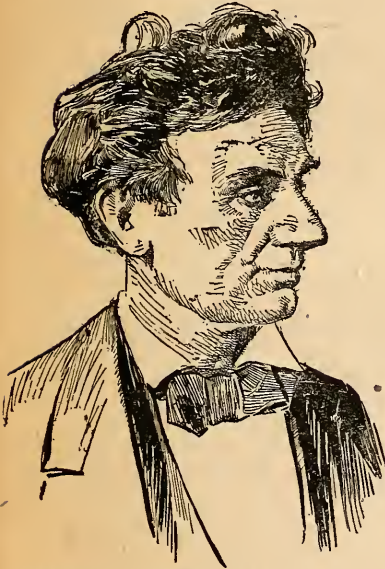
alone could never have mastered Stanton. It was the Great Heart and the Great Will in the White House that finally conquered his domineering Secretary of War.

There was something more than human about Lincoln's CHARITY. He seemed to think no less of any man because that man hated and abused Abraham Lincoln. Few men can comprehend such unheard-of generosity. Lincoln could see the good in a man regardless of the way that man treated him. He endured the worst treatment on the part of his subordinates, for the sake of the country—yes, and for the sake of those subordinates themselves. After General McClellan

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had insulted him, an attending officer protested, but Lincoln replied: "*I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will win us a battle.*"

Lincoln had the unselfish,



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln at 48. (When preparing for this picture, Lincoln's stubby hair was smoothed down by the photographer, but disliking the result he ran his fingers through it just a moment before the picture was taken.) (From the Fay collection, Illinois.)

self-denying, self-effacing, self-giving HEART. He was a martyr in spirit, through his love of mankind, years before his actual martyrdom came to pass. He had learned to rule his spirit long ago in the cheerless cabins of Kentucky,

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Indiana and Illinois. His father was harsh and unjust, calling his only son foolish and lazy when he was really wise and untiring in his industry. He early learned to be kind and true even while smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong. He learned his first lessons and solved his first problems in charity as he lay before the fire, studying by its light and working out simple sums on his father's wooden shovel. His "charity for all" was exercised when that "all" meant only the few of his own family and his pioneer neighbors—and again when "all" meant all the American people.

Lincoln's famous letter to a bereaved mother—the letter

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is still hanging on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a model of pure and exquisite English—shows the great HEART of Lincoln, as well as his great MIND.

The letter was this :

Executive Mansion,
Mrs. Bixby, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:—

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

(Note.—After receiving the letter three of Mrs. Bixby's sons reported killed in battle came home to her, alive and well. Several families of the same name had been confused in the records.)

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Attorney - General Bates used to say: "*Should the applicant be a woman, a wife, a mother, or a sister, in nine cases out of ten her tears, if nothing else, would be sure to prevail with Lincoln.*"

Even after General Butler had telegraphed from the field to Lincoln: "I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers," Lincoln's heart was so big that after listening to a plea for mercy for a soldier committed to death, he exclaimed: "*By Jings! Butler or no Butler, here goes!*" and wrote this order: "*Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.*" The old man who was pleading for his son's pardon was disappointed. He had come for a full pardon.

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“My old friend,” said Lincoln, *“I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death until further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah.”*

“It makes me rested,” Lincoln used to say, “after a hard day’s work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man’s life, and I go to bed happy, as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends.”

And with this very quality of HEART—love for his fellow man—Lincoln won over even his enemies, and saved the Nation. His political rivals were astounded and puzzled over his popularity in Illinois,

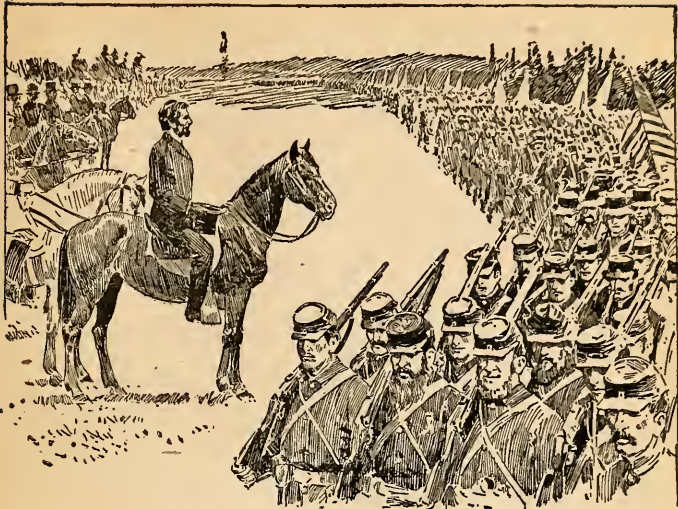
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when they arrived at the convention that nominated him. The Lincoln love spread over the North like a prairie fire. People said it was because he was a plain man of the people. That was true, but it was Lincoln's love that won the love of "all sorts and conditions of men." "Old Abe" was not a term of disrespect, but of endearment. When he, as President, called for troops, and more and more troops, the response was not of complaint, but of love:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,"

the armies sang as they marched to danger and to death. The soldiers fought for very love of Lincoln—the

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(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Review of the Army of the Potomac by President Lincoln.

President who showed on all occasions that he loved "the boys," as he called them. Stanton and the generals raved and stormed over Lincoln's "sickly sentimentality" in pardoning and relieving and saving so many from death. But every loyal soldier knew the President *cared for him.*

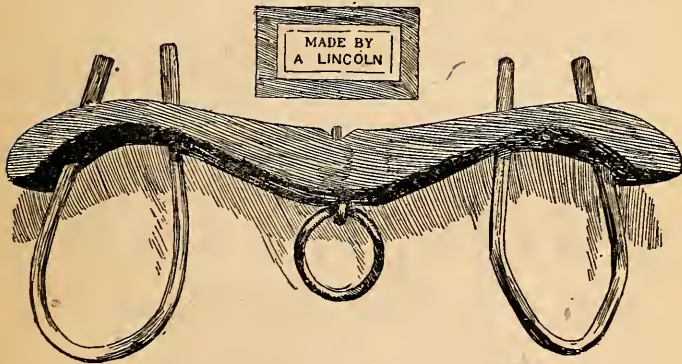
LINCOLN PRIMER

Lincoln became the personification of all that the United States government stood for. *The soldiers' very loyalty was nine parts love for Lincoln.* Such devotion to a man was one of the miracles of history. The military devotion to Napoleon was nothing beside it, for that love flagged and finally failed. The love for Lincoln was grandly simple. *It was the response of millions to the Great Heart* at the seat of government. It was this love that received so many mothers', fathers', sisters' petitions, and brought joy and gratitude into so many homes, and sent many a woman away from his presence saying: "*Why do they tell that awful lie that Mr. Lincoln is an ugly man? Why,*

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he has the most beautiful man's face I ever saw. He looks like an angel."

AND HE WAS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT AND LIFE to thousands of anxious, broken hearts.



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

An example of Lincoln's handicraft.



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln in his prime.

CHAPTER IV

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF ACTION

“If I ever get a chance to hit that thing [meaning Slavery], I’LL HIT IT HARD”—said Lincoln at New Orleans one day when he saw a nearly white girl

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auctioned off to the highest bidder in a slave market.

“I’LL HIT IT HARD”—that was the *strong will* of Lincoln that made him a master of men who often were mentally his superiors.

Yes, the Human Will is boss; it is the great dynamo that sets things in motion; backed by a strong body, a sound mind, and a true heart, it will triumph over all difficulties.

If slavery had not been hit hard—if its dragon head had not been pierced by the sword of Lincoln’s Emancipation Proclamation, there would probably be no Republic of the United States to-day.

Lincoln was not stubborn; but when he arrived at a sound

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judgment, when his mind was completely made up, he carried the thing through to the end, and no man could balk him.

"I have found my General," he said one day in a little French toy-shop in Washington where he had gone to get some toys for his son Tad. The toymaker had fought with Napoleon and was telling the President, not knowing who he was, why Napoleon had conquered in his many battles. *"He goes where he wants to go,"* said the toymaker.

Lincoln was placing upon the counter at the time the toy soldiers that he was buying for his little son. He stood in front the soldier who was dressed in the uniform of a general. The little pewter toy

fell over. The toymaker's wife said, in her broken English: "*He no good, him head heavy; this one will stand up straight,*" and she picked out another soldier and placed him at the head of the column.

"*I have found my General,*" muttered Lincoln under his breath as he went out of the toy-shop; "*one who can stand up and go where he wants to go*"—and the next day he appointed Grant commander-in-chief, in the face of great opposition, and the War reached the stage of "*the beginning of the end.*"

Secretary Stanton's will was of unusual strength, yet it went down before the master will of Lincoln. Stanton was blustering about in the

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White House one day, declaring that he could not and would not carry out certain instructions given him by the President. Old Dennis Hanks happened to be there, and he went to Lincoln and said: "*Abe, if I was as big as you are, I would take him [Stanton] over my knee and spank him.*" "No," replied Lincoln; "*Stanton is an able and valuable man to this nation, and I am glad to bear with his anger, for the service he can render the people.*" But when a Committee once came to the President and brought a message from Secretary Stanton, that he flatly refused to comply with the President's instructions, saying: "*If Lincoln gave you such an order as that, he is a blamed old fool.*" Lincoln went over to

the Secretary's office, saying: "*What Stanton says is nearly always right, and if he says I am a blamed fool, I must be one, but I guess I will stop over and see Stanton right now.*"

"But, Mr. President, it is impossible," said Stanton to Lincoln, when they came face to face; "it is unreasonable; I cannot do it."

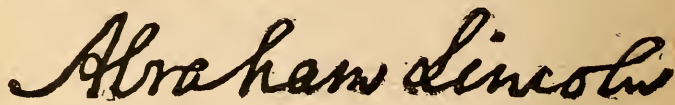
"*Mr. Secretary,*" said Lincoln, "IT WILL HAVE TO BE DONE!" Lincoln's eyes looked into Stanton's — Stanton had met his master at last — the order was carried out.

Lincoln signed his immortal *Emancipation Proclamation*, freeing the slaves, on the first day of January, 1863. His strong will was again exemplified on that occasion in the

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very manner in which he signed the document. "I have been shaking hands since 9 o'clock this morning," he said (at the regular New Year's reception), "and my right arm is almost paralyzed. *If my name ever goes into history, it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it.* If my hand trembles when I sign the Proclamation, all who examine the document hereafter will say 'he hesitated.'"

Lincoln then turned to the table, took up the pen again, and slowly, firmly wrote

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Abraham Lincoln". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

He then looked up, smiled, and said: "*That will do.*"

This is the immortal paper Lincoln signed, freeing the slaves:

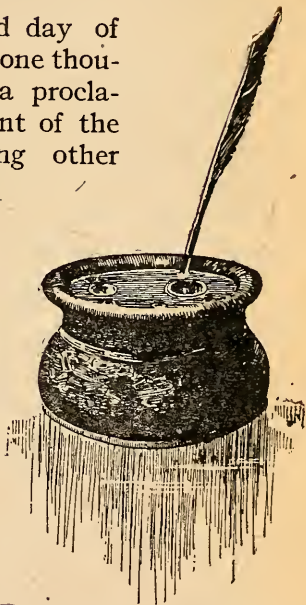
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

January 1, 1863.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

“That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

“That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)

Lincoln's inkstand.

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respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States ; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose to do so, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne and Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

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And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforth shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington,
this first day of January, in the year of
our Lord one thousand eight hundred
and sixty-three, and of the United
States of America the eighty-seventh.



By the President:

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

CHAPTER V

THE LESSON OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

And now, what is the lesson of Lincoln's life—for boys and girls, for the American

people, and even for all the world?

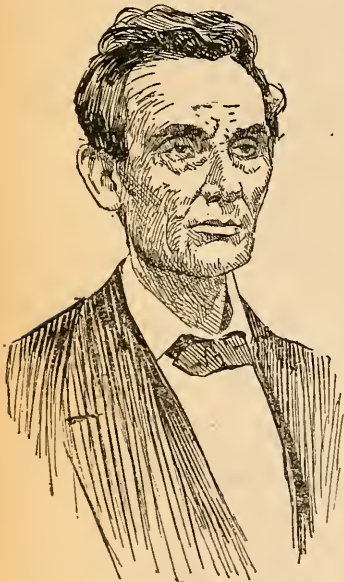
For a great missionary once said

that if he could get all of the four

hundred millions of people in China

to read the simple narrative of Lin-

coln's life, it would do more good than



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
Lincoln before his election, 1860.

all that has yet been accomplished.

Is Lincoln merely to be held up as a poor boy, without birth or family, without prestige or "pull" or environment, who became President of the United States?—an example of the American notion that all men are born free and equal, and that even the poorest born can become the ruler of the Nation—is this all that Lincoln stands for?

Are we to look upon Lincoln as the Man of Destiny, raised up by Providence in the crisis of the American Rebellion to save the Union—as other men before have been raised up as saviors in world crises?

Are we to hold up Lincoln only as another example of the self-made man?

No; the true lesson of Lincoln's life is this: *He was a FULL-ROUNDED MAN*—the man of *physical strength*, the man of *master mind*, the man of *great heart*, and the man of *strong will*—and only the FULL-ROUNDED MAN can accomplish that great success in life which is enduring.

Napoleon was a man of great physical strength and endurance, yes; and he was a man of great mind, yes; and he was a man of tremendous will, yes—but *he lacked a true heart; and because of this serious lack in his make-up, Napoleon's wonderful success turned later into disastrous ruin.*

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The man who lives in history, the man who accomplishes great, enduring works for civilization, is the man, you will always find, *who had the four great sides of true manhood*—a strong BODY, a well-developed MIND, a true HEART, and a strong, safe WILL.

If you would be helped by this little *Primer on Abraham Lincoln*, think always of him as the man who did things—

WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH
WITH ALL HIS MIND
WITH ALL HIS HEART
WITH ALL HIS WILL.

And if you happen to inherit a weak body (which, however, can be strengthened by right living), or feel that your

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mind has not the capacity of a great scholar's, remember that your HEART is your very own and *that your heart is what you make it.*

And remember that in Lincoln it was his *Heart* that prompted the *Emancipation Proclamation*. It was his Head that was too slow for the Northern abolitionists. It was his Heart that crowned his life with immortal success.

And it was because of his great HEART that when Lincoln was assassinated, millions of grown men wept, men who had never been known to weep, even over their own private griefs and losses—“*wept with the passion of an angry grief.*”

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Whatever may be said about inequalities of mental gifts or of the accidents of birth or fortune, the HEART is the one thing in which all of us are created free and equal. It may grow up in kindness and love, or be allowed to grow rank with malice and hatred. Lincoln's life-story stands beside that of Joseph and of Moses. Throughout his difficult and stormy career it was his HEART that kept Lincoln true and made him live the life expressed in those immortal words which he uttered only a few days before his martyrdom: "*With malice toward none; with charity for all.*"

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Springfield, December 20, 1859.

J. W. Fell, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

Herewith is a little sketch, as you requested. There is not much of it, for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me. If anything be made of it, I wish it to be modest, and not to go beyond the material. . . .



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Printer)

Lincoln in 1848—earliest known picture of Lincoln. (From collection of Mr. F. H. Meserve, New York City.)

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family by the name of Hanks. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were

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Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. . . .

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. . . . There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three." . . . There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. . . . Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity. . . .

I was raised to farm work, which I continued until I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk, in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I was ever beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was elected to the Lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri

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Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since is pretty well known.

If any personal description is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks and brands recollected.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

LINCOLN CHRONOLOGY

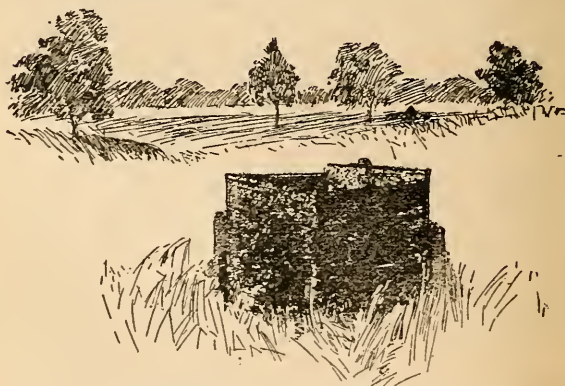
- 1806—Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks married, June 12, in Kentucky.
- 1809—Birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, in Hardin, now La Rue County, Ky.
- 1816—Removal to Indiana, where the family settled in the neighborhood of Gentryville.
- 1818—Death of Abraham Lincoln's mother.
- 1828—First trip in a flat-boat to New Orleans.
- 1830—Removal of the Lincolns to Macon County, Illinois.
- 1831—Second trip to New Orleans, returning from which Abraham leaves his father's cabin behind him and settles in New Salem, a small town on the Sangamon River, to become a clerk in Denton Offutt's store.
- 1832—Announces his candidacy for the Illinois Legislature, and enlists for the Black Hawk War. Upon his return he is defeated for the Legislature, the only defeat he ever suffered at the hands of the people. Establishes the firm of Berry & Lincoln, "grocery keepers," in New Salem.
- 1833—Appointed postmaster in New Salem. Closes the "grocery" later, to study surveying and read law.
- 1834—Elected to the Illinois Legislature by a large majority.
- 1835—Death of his first love, Anne Rutledge.
- 1836—Re-elected to the Legislature.
- 1837—Settles in Springfield, the county seat, to take up the practice of law with Major John T. Stuart.

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- 1838—Re-elected to the Legislature, in which he is the Whig candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives.
- 1840—Re-elected to the Legislature, again to be his party's candidate for Speaker. "Stumps" the State for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."
- 1841—Forms law partnership with Stephen T. Logan under the firm name of Logan & Lincoln.
- 1842—Duel with James Shields, and marriage, November 4, to Mary Todd.
- 1844—Heads Illinois electoral ticket for Henry Clay, the Whig candidate for President.
- 1845—Law firm of Lincoln & Herndon organized.
- 1846—Elected to Congress over Peter Cartwright, frontier evangelist and Democrat.
- 1848—"Stumps" the Eastern States for Zachary Taylor.
- 1849—Failure to secure the appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office. Offered the Governorship of Oregon, which he declines on his wife's account.
- 1854—The principle of popular sovereignty proclaimed, and the first of Lincoln's debates with Stephen A. Douglas on the slavery question, but becomes the Anti-Nebraskan candidate for United States Senator, withdrawing later in favor of Lyman Trumbull, who is elected.
- 1856—Joins the Republican party, and receives 110 votes for Vice-President on the first Republican national ticket, headed by John C. Fremont.
- 1858—Contests Douglas's seat in the United States Senate in a remarkable series of debates, but fails of election, though the large popular vote was in his favor.
- 1859—Speaks for the Republicans of Ohio at Columbus and Cincinnati, and visits Kansas.
- 1860—Cooper Institute speech in New York City in February, followed by a tour of New England, with speeches in Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. Illinois Republicans at Decatur make him their candidate for President. Nominated over William H. Seward, of New York, for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention, and elected as the "Rail Candidate" in November.
- 1861—Leaves Springfield for Washington, speaking at many points in Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania on his way. Inaugurated President of the United States, March 4. Assault upon Fort Sumter, April 12, and beginning of the War. Disastrous Federal reverse at Bull Run on July 21. Calls for troops. Seizure of Mason and Slidell, and a narrow escape from war with Great Britain.

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- 1862—McClellan's advance into Virginia for the unsuccessful Peninsular campaign. Pope's undoing at the second battle of Bull Run, and the battle of Antietam, which checked Lee's northern movement. Emancipation policy announced, September 22. McClellan relieved from duty, to be followed by Burnside.
- 1863—Emancipation proclaimed, January 1. The disaster at Fredericksburg. Appointment of Hooker to command the Army of the Potomac. The battle of Chancellorsville and Lee's determination to invade the North. Meade supersedes Hooker. The battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, by which the Confederates are driven South again. Grant's capture of Vicksburg, July 4, and his appointment to command all the Western armies. The victories around Chattanooga.
- 1864—Grant appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief in March. Lincoln renominated for the Presidency. The bloody battles of the Wilderness and Grant's march to Petersburg. Sheridan's operations in the Shenandoah Valley. Sherman's capture of Atlanta, and his march to the sea. Election of Lincoln for a second term, over McClellan, the Democratic candidate.
- 1865—Thirteenth Amendment passed by Congress and referred to the States. Hampton Roads conference with Confederate Commissioners, February 3. Lee's evacuation of Richmond and his surrender to Grant, April 9. Lincoln visits Richmond, returning from which he is shot by John Wilkes Booth, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14. Death on April 15, and burial in Springfield, Illinois, May 4.



(Sketch for the Wanamaker Primer)
The well on the Lincoln farm.

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FROM LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURAL

March 4, 1861.

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

FROM LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL

March 4, 1865.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting place among ourselves, and with all nations.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ORATION

Delivered November 19, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

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But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead—who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT INDEPENDENCE HALL

Philadelphia, February 22, 1861.

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live.

You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

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I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence, I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence.

Now, my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.

Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have

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said something indiscreet. But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

“LET ME ENTREAT YOU TO COME BACK!”

From Lincoln's speech at Lewistown, Ill., August 17, 1858, during the Douglas Debate, a speech which the “Chicago Tribune” called Lincoln's greatest inspiration.

My countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence, if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights in our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back! Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. . . . You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles; you may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. . . . I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity—the Declaration of Independence.

THE RULE OF FOUR

With all my STRENGTH

With all my MIND

With all my HEART

With all my WILL

I SERVE THE PUBLIC

at

THE

WANAMAKER STORES

CHAPTER I

With all my STRENGTH

With all my MIND

With all my HEART

With all my WILL

These are common everyday sayings. With all my *Strength*, with all my *Mind*, with all my *Heart*, with all my *Will*. We use the expressions frequently, not realizing fully what they mean. In a hazy sort of way we know they indicate *Power*, but we do not analyze that power, to see whence it comes and what it can do.

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What we really mean to express (without knowing it) is this: *I will do my best, I will exert my utmost power—physical, mental, moral, and I will make that power active.* A locomotive has great latent power even when at rest, but until the engineer opens the throttle and makes that power active, the locomotive accomplishes nothing.

We are all much like a locomotive. We feed fuel (food) into our bodies to “get up steam” (energy), but unless we direct that energy with intelligent and moral action (using our brains and our hearts and our wills, as the engineer uses his throttle) we do not get far along the road of life.

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Each of these sayings—with all my *Strength*, with all my *Mind*, with all my *Heart*, with all my *Will*—is really a *Rule of Life*—and, uniting them, they become the *Rule of Four*, forming a *chart of conduct* leading to the completion of the *four segments of the whole man or woman*.

CHAPTER II

“With All My STRENGTH”

Johnny was tossing in his sleep. His breath came in short gasps. He began to choke—and was wide awake in an instant—for his room was filled with smoke and the cry of “*Fire!*” rang through the house.

Johnnie was nine years old. His father was dead. His mother was a cripple and could not move from her bed by herself. Johnnie and his mother slept in the same room and they locked the door at night. The only other people in the house were the housekeeper, old and feeble, and a young girl, fifteen years old, who took care of Johnnie’s mother.

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It was this young girl who discovered the fire and whose cry of alarm had awakened Johnny. With a bound he was out of bed and by his mother's side. "*Be brave, dear,*" said his mother, "*and open the door; some one will save us.*"

Johnny sprang to the door, gave the knob a turn, then remembered the door was locked. But the key wasn't there! He felt on the floor, but couldn't find it. "*Where's the key? mother, quick—where's the key?*" But his mother could not tell him. For the first time (for she was a brave woman!) the cold chill of fear swept down her back—fear more for her darling boy than for herself, for she was used to suffering.

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"Pull at the lock, John, push the door, throw your body against it, and be-quick, be quick," gasped his mother, for the smoke was pouring in the transom and they could hear the crackle of the flames.

"I—can't—break—open—the—door—mother—I HAVEN'T—THE—STRENGTH"—and poor Johnny sank to the floor with a moan.

For an instant mother and boy lay sobbing. Suddenly there was a bang on the door from without. A great weight crushed against it—once, twice—and a man's voice rang out—*"Keep as near the floor as you can—below the smoke, and I will break down the door."* Again there was a crash—and again—and

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the door burst open. Two strong men, neighbors, who had seen the fire, rushed in. One picked up the bed-ridden mother. The other, stumbling over Johnny on the floor, picked him up. And both were carried, through flame and smoke, to safety.

When Johnny was revived, he was lying in the neighbor's house, by the side of his mother, and the first words he spoke were: "*Mother, I wasn't strong enough, but—when—I—get to be—a man—I WILL BE STRONG—won't I?*"

Strength, Physical Strength, Brawn, Muscle. This is the starting point for business. Strength comes from our bodies. We own our bodies. Our bodies are our birth-right. To

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make them strong our mothers gave us their own strength, our fathers work hard that we may have proper food to nourish us and make us strong. *But we must do our part to become physically strong and to hold our strength all through life.*

Strength comes from *Health*. Health comes from *right living*. Right living is merely *living in harmony with Nature*. The laws of Health are: nourish the body, but do not overfeed it; exercise the body, but give it proper rest to recuperate; cleanse the body, within and without; do not abuse the body; breathe deeply of pure fresh air; and think good thoughts.

Nature intends every boy

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and girl, every man and woman, to be strong physically. When we are not strong, either we are disobeying the laws of Nature, or our ancestors have disobeyed them and we have inherited weak bodies—but in most instances even a weak body can be made strong by right living.

Let us see what Nature asks us to do to become strong. To learn this we must get as close to Nature as possible. The wild lion is strong because he lives according to the laws of Nature. His instinct tells him how to live. The lion in captivity loses some of this strength. The wild horse is stronger than the domesticated horse. When we begin to domesticate any

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wild animal it becomes subject to disease and soon loses its strength. The wild oxen that race up and down the wind-swept plains are never sick. But domesticated cattle frequently have tuberculosis. Wild birds are rarely ill. Birds in captivity must be watched constantly, kept out of draughts, given proper food, or they soon sicken and die.

The lesson is this: *live according to the laws of Nature and we keep well and strong; live contrary to any of these laws and we sicken and grow weak.*

What are these laws of Nature?

Study the habits of a wild animal that lives close to Nature.

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In the first place, he eats only when he is hungry—and he rarely over-eats. He drinks when he is thirsty—and he never drinks anything but water. He sleeps in the open air—goes to sleep when the sun sets and gets awake when it rises. He takes exercise. He rests. Instinct tells him what to do, how to do it, when to do it—and *he does it.*

If man lived in a state of Nature, his instinct would tell him how to live according to the laws of Nature. But with the refinements of civilization have come so many abuses, and as man is a free agent, having the power of choice, his instinct is no longer a guide; he must learn (through his mind) the

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laws of Nature and (through his will) must obey them.

Adapting to man the laws of Health as we find them in the wild animal, we may lay down these rules:

1. *Breathe right.* Live in the open as much as possible. Open the windows in your sleeping-room. Breathe fresh, pure air always, and take deep, long breaths. Few people use all of their lungs—they fill only half of the air-cells. This brings on tuberculosis. The purpose of breathing is to take in oxygen to purify the blood. Air is the most valuable thing in the world—yet we value it the least. We can live for days without anything else, without even food or water, but we can't live

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even a few minutes without air. The more pure air we breathe into our lungs the more blood we purify, and pure blood is the river of life.

2. *Eat and drink right.* Eat only food that nourishes the body and eat only enough to keep well and strong. Nearly every one over-eats and under-breathes. If we under-ate and over-breathed we would be better off. We should leave the dining-table still hungry. Whenever you feel that you want "just another piece" call a halt. Avoid rich foods. Eat little pastry. Drink only water—and plenty of it—remember the strength of the lion, which drinks nothing but water. If we never drink coffee, or tea, or

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liquor, we will never feel the need of stimulants.

3. *Work right; rest right; play right.* If you work with your hands all day long—do physical labor—you will want to rest your body in the evening, and your play and recreation will then be mental. Read or hear a good lecture or listen to some good music, or have a good talk with some one who knows more than you—we learn by associating with people who are our mental superiors.

If your labor has been mental—if you have been sitting at a desk all day—your play and rest should be physical. Take exercise. Play ball or tennis or golf, or ride horse-back—

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or chop wood for your mother—anything that will exercise your body and keep you in the open air.

Many great men who worked all day mentally formed the habit of doing physical labor as rest. President James Madison had a cabinet shop where he would make tables and chairs when he became mind-weary. Gladstone, to rest his brain and exercise his body, would go out into the woods and chop down trees.

Rest and play go together. Rest does not merely mean going to sleep. Sleep is rest, but so is play. Any change of occupation is rest.

Playing right is the same as exercising right. All exer-

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cise is play—is recreation—if properly taken. Those who have not time for out-door sports should take systematic exercise in their own homes when they arise in the morning. Ten minutes is enough time for this, if the exercise is taken every day.

4. *Keep the body clean and pure*—inside and out. Bathe every morning when you get up—in water the same temperature as the air in the room. Some people get good results from cold baths, but not every one can stand a cold bath. Cold air in your sleeping-room and a cold bath are both tonics—very good, indeed, if your system is accustomed to them.

5. *Do not abuse the body*—with

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over-eating, over-drinking, over-work, over-rest (laziness) or excesses of any kind. The best guide is your feelings. If you feel well and strong and in good spirits, you are taking proper care of your body. If you feel sick and tired and sleepy and weak or out of sorts generally, take strict note at once of your manner of living, for you are doing something you ought not to do or you are failing to do something you ought to do. A few minutes' thought about your mode of life will usually tell you what is wrong. If your own inspection will not tell you, consult a good physician who will put you on the right track again.

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6. *Don't worry; don't fear; have faith; think good and cheerful thoughts.*

The mind has great power over the body—as we shall show in a later chapter. Thought has great influence on health and strength. It is absolutely true that to keep well and strong we must think good, pure, cheerful thoughts, and we must banish from our minds all worry and fear.

Fear is the highway robber that waits for us 'round the corner and sandbags us into inaction.

Worry is the second-story thief who steals away our brains and strength and health and will power.

If we are strong physically, mentally and morally, there

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will be no room for fear or worry in our thoughts. We will then have faith—faith in ourselves, faith in our fellow-beings, faith in the work we are doing, and faith that law rules the Universe and that we will keep well and strong and become successful if we but live in accord with natural laws. If we obey Nature's laws first, we need never worry about human laws.

So, you see, the way to keep good and cheerful thoughts in your mind is to keep your body well and strong; and one help toward keeping your body well and strong is to think good and cheerful thoughts. Bad habits come from bad thoughts. The

thought comes before the habit. So if we keep bad thoughts out of our minds, we keep our bodies from falling into bad habits. And if we keep bad thoughts out of our minds, good thoughts will enter; for the mind, when awake, is always filled with thoughts of some kind—it is never a blank.

And now we come to the last rule for keeping the body well and strong; and that is:

6. *Sleep the sleep of Health.*

What is this sort of sleep? Well, it is not fitful sleep; not sleep with bad dreams; nor is it too much sleep. It is the sleep that tired Nature demands and takes if you but give her the opportunity.

Fitful sleep comes from

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either worry, fear, an excited mental state, too much exercise, over-eating, over-drinking, or bad ventilation.

Sleep with bad dreams comes either from overloading the stomach or from having disobeyed some other of Nature's laws, or from high mental excitement.

Too much sleep comes from laziness—and begets laziness.

The right sort of sleep is the kind that you don't know you are taking. You just "drop off to sleep" about 9 or 10 o'clock at night and wake fully refreshed about 6 or 7 in the morning, not knowing how the miracle of the re-creating of the body and mind has been accomplished. This is the sleep

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of the healthful and the strong, who do each day's duties by day and rest peacefully by night. Sleep is the time when the waste tissues of the body, thrown off in the wear and tear of the day, are renewed and built up again with new life and vigor. Sleep, therefore, of the right kind, is absolutely necessary to health and strength.

And now, if you have followed the rules of Health here laid down—not by the writer, but by Nature herself—you will have this peaceful, invigorating sleep to-night, and wake fully refreshed to-morrow, ready for another hard, though pleasant, day's work.

CHAPTER III

“With All My MIND”

Robert Grayson was the strongest boy in the neighborhood. He could run farther, swim faster, play foot-ball better, than any of the twenty other boys with whom he associated. He was not overgrown, but he took good care of himself physically, and his muscles were all splendidly developed and responded to every call he made upon them.

“Robert,” said his father one day, “*how would you like to go to West Point—the Military Academy? There’s a vacancy to be filled and I think I can get the appointment for you.*”

“Great!” said Robert; “*that suits me to a T. I can ride horse and*

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march and drill and shoot—now, you see, Daddy, I didn't give too much time to play and sports, did I, for now I can pass the physical examination easily."

"Yes," answered his father, "but there is a mental examination to pass, and you will have to get down to hard study."

Bobby's jaw dropped, but he was courageous, and he made up his mind he would study hard.

He started well, but, alas! for his good intentions, he began studying too late—and on the day after his mental examination came a letter to his father, and the only word Bobby could read in it was the black word **FAILED**.

And then Robert Grayson learned the lesson that every

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boy and girl, every man and woman must learn—*that strength of body is not enough to win true success* (unless your ambition is to become a prize-fighter), *but that to a healthful and strong body must be hitched a well, fully-developed and strong MIND.*

We often see a big, strong horse pulling a load along the street. A fine specimen of physical development. But that is only brute strength. Note the reins that go to the horse's mouth—they represent the intellect of man that controls and guides the brute strength. And unless you wish to be driven and directed in your labors through life, like the poor dumb (but strong) horse; unless you want to have

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reins on your head and a bit in your mouth, and have some other man drive and, it may be, cruelly whip you on—why, then, if you would avoid this, *develop your MIND as you develop your Body.* Make your mind big and strong. For your mind—the *power of thought*—is what lifts you above the level of the dumb animal.

Mind is located in the physical brain. Just what the intellect is and how it works we do not know. Whether the size of the brain, the shape, or the color makes the mind strong matters little. The important point is: *the Mind can be developed, strengthened, enlarged.* And there is great hope in this. For accident of birth or of our

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surroundings (environment) counts for little when a Lincoln can become President of the United States, a Franklin can develop one of the best all-around intellects of any age, or a boy like Girard, thrown upon his own resources in a foreign country at the age of 14, can amass a million dollars honestly.

Every healthful boy has a sound Brain and Mind and Intellect (call it by either name) that with proper personal effort can be developed into a great **THOUGHT-FACTORY** — *and Thought rules the world.*

Where do Thoughts come from?

Apparently out of the air — out of the Nowhere into Here.

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But Thought is really not so mysterious as this. Thoughts come only through five gates—all knowledge comes practically through these five gates. And these Gates are *our five physical senses—Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Touching and Smelling*. There are four other senses—minor senses—like the sense of weight, of temperature, of thirst and hunger—but these depend upon the five great senses and need not be considered here.

The sense of SIGHT is the widest gate of the five. Through this gate comes the greater part of all knowledge. The blind man is the hardest stricken of all cripples, and yet even a blind man can become Senator of the United States—as Senator

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Gore has become. This proves not that Sight is unnecessary to success, but that the other four senses—the other four gates—are wide open, too, to let in useful knowledge.

Through the sense of Sight we observe, we learn Nature, we study books, we get sensations and form *images* in our minds—IMAGES, which are the physical beginning of thoughts, leading on to concepts, ideas, laws and principles.

In the same way, the Gate of HEARING admits much useful knowledge; and the Gates of TOUCH, of SMELL and of TASTE. All these gates must be kept open if we would develop our minds to the

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utmost. And these physical senses must be sharpened, developed and strengthened.

Do you realize that you can train your power of observation—through the eyes? Try the simple game of having an "Observation Party." Place two dozen different articles on the table. Let each guest observe them for a minute or two and then go into an adjoining room and write down on a slip of paper what was on the table. You will be surprised to find how few things we really *SEE*, until we begin to train our sense of sight, our power of observation.

Similar tests may be made of our sense of Hearing, of Smell, of Taste, of Touch—

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showing that all these may be trained and strengthened and developed.

This "sensing" of things—taking in knowledge through the gateways of our senses—is one part of education. It is the gathering of the merchandise. It is the harvesting of the crops. Now, when we have our storehouse or granary (our brain) packed pretty full (it is never absolutely full—there is always room there for more knowledge!) we must arrange our knowledge (like sorting goods) so that we can use it when we wish. Some brains are filled with knowledge, but it is disorganized—like some badly kept stocks of merchandise—and the owner never can find the right infor-

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mation when he wants it. Knowledge is good only when it is organized. And so organized knowledge is called *Wisdom*.

Information that we take in through our physical senses is useful only when we can *remember* it—that is true, isn't it? So, while training our physical senses to become acute we must also train our *MEMORY*.

Why do we remember some things and forget others? Simply because we were *interested* in the thing we remembered and not interested in the thing we forgot. When we are interested in a thing we give it our *attention*—we concentrate our mind upon it. So that

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ATTENTION and CONCENTRATION form the secret of remembering.

Attention is merely fixing our minds *intently* on a thing.

Concentration is simply prolonged attention.

When we give strict attention to something we are reading and *concentrate* our minds upon it, pushing out of the mind all other thoughts, we will pack away in our storehouse the knowledge we are thus acquiring, and we can *recall* it at any time. Better to read little, but read that little attentively, than to read much slovenly, without concentration, skipping over it in a lazy sort of fashion. Reading newspapers and nothing else harms the

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memory, because we do not expect to remember much of what we read in the newspaper—it isn't worth remembering. But reading good books is an aid to memory, because we feel the importance and advantage of what we are reading—*we are stocking our minds with useful knowledge and we wish to remember it.*

Good health is also an aid to memory—a strong, healthful boy or girl will remember more than a weak and sickly child.

Now, after we have taken into our minds, through our senses, this useful information, and packed it away so that our memory can recall it, when wanted—what are we going to do with it? Are we simply going to remember that a horse

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is big and has four legs, because our sight told us this and our memory now reminds us of the fact? No, we wouldn't get very far in life if this were all we did with the knowledge we acquire and remember.

We must take one more step—and that is: set our IMAGINATION to work. The imagination builds air-castles, yes, and builds in our minds all sorts of fantastic figures; yes, but the imagination we are talking about is *constructive* imagination—the union of thoughts into ideas and judgments, and laws and principles. This kind of imagination is the Architect of the mind.

Instead of merely remembering that the horse is big and

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has four legs, imagine, please, what would happen if he would use those four legs as you use your two legs—he could probably run faster, couldn't he? And if he is strong, he might carry you on his back—don't you think so? Well, there you have arrived at an IDEA—and you jump on his back, say "get up!" and away you go—you *have discovered a new aid to man—the beast of burden that relieves us of much of our work.*

Suppose you are dusting off the stock on the counter and hear a customer ask for a certain kind of goods that you know is in the stock-room (because you *saw* it there a few minutes ago and *remembered* that you saw it), but the clerk says:

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"No, madam, I am sorry, we haven't that in stock." Are you content with just remembering? No; you set your imagination at work and say to yourself: "*If I don't tell about these goods, the store will lose a sale and the customer will be dissatisfied*"—and you walk up to the clerk and say aloud: "*The goods wanted are up in the stock-room; I will go and get them.*"

We rarely think without using our *imagination*, so you see how important is this part of the mind. By constructive imagination is meant that which builds up *useful ideas*—not the dreamy, harum-scarum false imagination that an insane or drunken person has.

By using the imagination and by uniting thoughts and

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ideas we REASON and form JUDGMENTS—and *sound judgment* is one of the greatest assets in business.

To form sound judgment we must first have all the *facts*, we must then *weigh* these facts and compare them, we must then *free our minds of all prejudice*, and then, after taking enough time to consider, we will form a sound judgment.

Bad judgments are only of three kinds: 1—*hasty judgment* (when we do not take enough time to compare and weigh the facts); 2—*mistaken judgment* (when we do not have all the facts in the case—do not see all sides of the subject—or when our physical senses are defective);

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3—*prejudiced judgment* (when we become biased, one way or another, through our feelings.

Good judgment, of course, comes from experience, but experience, you have seen, is only the taking in of knowledge through the senses and remembering that knowledge. So that the boy or girl who trains the senses and trains the memory will gain experience faster than those who do not train the senses or memory. In this way we can *grow experienced*, even while yet young in years. And experienced men and women, with good judgment and imagination, always command good places in business, whether they are young or old in years.

Thinking, remembering, imagin-

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ing—these are the faculties of the mind we use every day in life—and when we develop these, we do things “*with all our minds.*” We must observe, we must give strict attention to what is going on around us, we must study books and goods and people, giving close attention to what we are doing, and in this way we take in useful knowledge through our five physical senses. Then, by remembering that knowledge, and by thinking, reflecting and imagining, we create ideas of our own and grow in *Wisdom.*

But good health and physical strength are great aids in developing the mind. The mind thinks, remembers and

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imagines *better* when the body is strong than when it is sickly.

Now, we have developed a strong boy or girl, both physically and mentally, but this is not enough to make the full-rounded man or woman—as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

“With All My HEART”

A playmate of Johnnie's and of Robert's, about whom you have read in former chapters, was William Jary—a great, big, husky lad, as bright in mind as he was strong in body.

But “Billy,” as the boys called him, had few real friends. He was always bullyragging the smaller boys, saying mean things to the girls—and often was heard to speak crossly to his mother, who was an invalid:

I wonder how many of my readers can tell me what was wrong with this William Jary?

His HEART was bad—you have guessed it the first time. Maybe we had better say: “*his*

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heart was wrong;" we then give him a chance to right it; for no heart is wholly bad, and I am sorry to say no heart is wholly good.

The HEART is the seat of *Character*. Not the physical heart, perhaps, that pumps the blood through our bodies, but the Heart that we mean when we say: "*he put his heart into his work*"—or "*that woman has a good heart*"—or "*that boy has a stout heart, he helps his mother put the house in order when other boys are playing*"—or "*with all my heart I will serve the public,*" and other common expressions of the same nature.

"*As a man thinketh in his HEART, so is he,*" wrote Solomon centuries ago—and the statement is absolutely true to-day.

The HEART, as we use the term, is the seat of the

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feelings. “*Your Heart warms toward another boy*”—means that you feel kindly toward him, you like him. “*Your Heart is chilled with fear*”—means, you feel afraid. “*Your Heart is brave*”—means, you feel courageous.

Our hearts *feel* a truth often when our minds do not *know* the truth. A child's *instinct* (heart) can often be trusted, when choosing a companion, when perhaps her father's *knowledge* of that companion might be a false guide.

So that to develop the boy or girl into the full-rounded man or woman it is absolutely essential that the HEART be fully developed in its good qualities. The HEART is one of the four segments that make

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up the full-rounded and complete being which Nature intended us all to be.

What are these good qualities of the *Heart* that we must develop?

Well, *LOVE* is a good one to write down first, for we begin life with great love for our parents, and we *know* and *feel* what love is. The great pity is that we should ever lose this *love of the heart* that we are born with, for it helps mightily in making a man or woman successful in any walk of life.

From love comes SYMPATHY—a great quality of the heart.

From love come COURTESY and POLITENESS and

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KINDNESS and CHEERFULNESS and a host of other good qualities that help in business, because no one can succeed in business who is rude (the absence of courtesy and politeness) who is cruel (the absence of kindness) who is grumpy and in bad humor (the absence of cheerfulness). So, you see, by keeping that LOVE in our hearts which our mothers gave us we have made a great beginning in life and hold in reserve a great power when difficulties arise.

From the HEART also comes CONSCIENCE—the rudder that, kept true and straight, guides us in everything we do.

From the HEART come FAITH and HOPE—two great

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elements of success in business. Suppose you did not have faith in the public, you wouldn't keep store long, would you? Suppose you did not have faith in the goods you are asked to sell, you wouldn't sell many, would you? Suppose you did not have faith in the firm that employed you, could you do good work? And suppose you did not have faith in yourself—but that is too great a calamity to think about! You see, though, how far-reaching is FAITH.

Hope is next door to faith—and right here we may as well write these three sentences on our hearts:

To look up—not down—that is FAITH.

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To look ahead—not back—
that is HOPE.

To look out—not in—that
is LOVE.

Faith, Hope and Love make
us *optimists* (those who look upon
the bright side of things) in-
stead of pessimists (those who
look upon the dark side of life)
—and optimism makes us all
better business boys and girls,
men and women.

From our HEART also
comes our sense of DUTY—
which keeps us at work in work
hours and makes us happy at
play in play hours, because we
have the feeling that we have
done our duty.

From our HEARTS also
comes the DESIRE for greater

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things, which leads to AMBITION, without which no boy or girl ever becomes successful in business.

From our HEARTS also comes EARNESTNESS; also comes COURAGE; also comes LOYALTY; also comes REVERENCE—all of which must be developed and sustained all through life.

And from the HEART come these four virtues—four links in the chain of success that dare never break if we are to hold on to the better things of life.

1. PURITY—of body and mind and heart.

2. TEMPERANCE—in our living—in our eating and drinking; in our words and in

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our thoughts. The temperate man never over-eats, never over-drinks, never over-states, never over-does anything.

3. HONESTY—of word and deed and purpose—which makes us SINCERE and STRAIGHTFORWARD in all we do and say and think.

4. TRUTHFULNESS—in our words and in our actions—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Half-truths are half-lies, remember. And the liar never succeeds in business.

And now you probably think you have read a Sunday-school lesson. But it is a BUSINESS LESSON that all successful business men and women must learn—that unless

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we do our work "*with all our HEART*" and keep our heart true and just and honest and kind and brave, we will never become as successful as we might become with our natural endowments and our opportunities.

No two people have the same strength of body, the same force of mind, the same qualities of heart, but no one knows to what great POWER he can develop himself until he tries. And success, after all, does not mean wonderful achievement; but merely the development to the utmost of our natural gifts of body, of mind and of heart, according to the environment into which we are born or are placed. So be not discouraged

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at failure, but get up and try again. Grant was a failure at 40; a few years later he was President of the United States. Franklin did not have the advantages that we have, yet he became the greatest man of his time.

CHAPTER V

“With All My WILL”

You have now read, Boys and Girls, how Johnnie failed to save his mother through lack of physical strength. And you have seen how a STRONG MAN (strong in muscle and brawn) did save her.

You have learned also how you can make your bodies strong by breathing deeply of pure air, by eating and drinking temperately, by working, exercising, playing, resting and sleeping properly, and by thinking pure, good, cheerful thoughts and ridding your minds of fear and worry.

You have also been told that we learn by taking in

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knowledge through our physical senses, and that by thinking, remembering and imagining (building thoughts together) we develop our minds, and that knowledge when organized grows into wisdom.

Taking one more step, you have learned that *Character* comes from the Heart, and that *Character or Reliability* is absolutely necessary to success in any walk of life.

You have also seen how a healthful, strong body helps to make a strong mind, how a strong, well-developed mind helps to make a strong body, and how both a strong body and a strong mind help to make a strong, reliable character.

But there is still another power within us—as great as

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any we have yet mentioned—without which no one can have a strong body, a strong mind or a strong character—and that power is the **WILL**. Take your hats off to the **HUMAN WILL**, Boys and Girls, for the **WILL** is **BOSS**.

Imagine, please (and here is a good chance to set your imagination at work), the strongest boy or girl in the neighborhood, who is also the strongest mentally, who is also the strongest in heart—in character—and yet he or she may be lagging behind the others in school or business. Why? *Because the WILL is not developed.*

Such boys or girls, when Mother calls in the morning,

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turn over and go to sleep; when school opens they are yet eating breakfast; when some one asks them to run an errand the reply comes: "*In a minute.*"

Boys and girls without strong WILLS are always *getting ready to begin to do something*, but they never DO it—or they do it TOO LATE.

You have often seen a great panting locomotive in the railroad station. Strongly built, with *intelligence* in every bolt and bar that makes it complete, ready to perform a great service for the waiting passengers—yet it is only an inert bulk, *until the engineer opens the throttle and sets it in ACTION.*

IN ACTION—that is the only state in which we are

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worth our salt. We may be never so strong in body and never so learned, we may have the character and reliability of Lincoln, but unless we *get into action* by using our WILL we achieve absolutely nothing.

Yes, the Will is BOSS. We can't move our bodies unless we *will* to do so. If we would study hard or work hard we must first *will* to do so.

Our Will is really *ourselves*. John is just as strong as John's *will* is strong. Mary is just as strong as Mary's *will* is strong.

Will is the great force back of both *Self-control* (restraint of our passions and false desires, etc.) and of *Personal Effort* (the positive side of our natures).

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Will plus Imagination (imagination, you remember, is the architect of the mind) is INITIATIVE. And initiative is doing the right thing at the right time, *without being told*.

What a great power in business is *initiative*! It is absolutely true, Boys and Girls, that your value to your employer depends exactly upon what you can do *without Supervision*. When some one else must tell you what to do and must watch that you do it, your services are not valuable. But when you reach the point of "taking hold of things" *yourself*, and of executing them—of DOING THINGS—then you will find the money in your pay-envelope

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largely increased. And this power to do THINGS YOURSELF, *without being told*, is INITIATIVE—and initiative comes largely from the WILL. You see the value, then, to yourself of developing a strong will.

Be prompt. Be on time in the mornings. Be prompt to obey. Have a spring in your step when some one asks you to do something—don't slouch along.

Be orderly. If you have a desk, keep it clean and in order. If you haven't a desk, keep the desk of your boss clean and orderly.

Keep yourself clean and neat, your hair brushed, your teeth clean, your nails in order

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and your shoes polished. All this is part of your will-power. If you *will* to do these things, you will do them.

The Will is like a judge in the courts. From the *Mind* it hears the facts in the case (as a judge hears them from the witnesses); from the *Heart* it feels the emotional side of the case (as a judge hears the lawyer's plea for mercy for the prisoner); and then, with all the facts in hand, the Will, as supreme judge, must decide the case and give the order of judgment.

The Will is often the umpire between our mind and our heart. Sometimes we feel like staying away from business and attending a base-ball game.

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Our mind says: "*No, that will not be right.*" Our heart says: "*Yes, the game will be enjoyable.*" Right here steps in our *Will* and says NO—sides with the mind and makes a majority of 2 to 1.

"*But how shall I train my will?*" you ask.

By *exercising* it; by *using* it; by making yourself do disagreeable things.

When you go to turn over in bed in the morning when mother calls, say to yourself: "*NO, I will not go to sleep again*"—and GET UP at once. Your *will* makes you get up.

When some one offers you a cigarette, say "NO"—your will again will save you.

Force yourself to take a

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bath when you don't feel like taking it; force yourself to take a walk when you don't feel like taking it.

Deny yourself sweets. Put your money in bank when you feel like spending it.

Soon you will find your Will growing stronger and it will be easier to make your decisions.

A strong will largely depends upon a healthful body, a vigorous mind and a good heart—for all these four quarters of a full-rounded man or woman are inter-dependent—one depends upon the other—the Body, the Mind, the Heart and the Will. Strengthen and develop them all and we become strong men and women.

CHAPTER VI

Conclusion

And now you have read the A, B, C's of right living. You have seen that a whole man or woman consists of four parts: the *Body*, the *Mind*, the *Heart*, the *Will*. You have learned the various constructive qualities that come from each. And you have been told in what way you can strengthen the body, the mind, the heart and the will.

With these A, B, C's you can write your whole *Book of Life*, just as the greatest literature is written from the 26 simple letters of the alphabet.

You have ambition, of course. You have faith in

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yourself and the house you are working with. You have hope of getting along fast. And you have health and strength of body, or you would not be at work. *The important thing now is to hold that strength of body and to still more develop it.* Then, to keep open all your physical senses that you may observe and learn; to study hard, to work hard, to keep both your body and your mind clean, and your heart pure. And finally, to set your will at work and get *into action.*

The way to get into action is *to get into action*—go and do the thing. But if you cultivate *attention* in business, you will find this soon ripens into *interest.* And then interest will change

Make this resolution today
—NOW:

I will do my full
DUTY
every day!
with all my *Strength*
with all my *Mind*
with all my *Heart*
with all my *Will*

JAMES ALLEN

To the Wanamaker Business Family :

“A man is literally what he thinks, his character being the complete sum of all his thoughts. Let a man radically alter his thoughts and he will be astonished at the rapid transformation it will effect in the material conditions of his life. Men imagine that thought can be kept secret, but it cannot; it rapidly crystallizes into habit, and habit solidifies into circumstances. Man is buffeted by circumstances so long as he believes himself to be the creature of outside condition, but when he realizes that he is a creative power, and that he may command the hidden soil and seeds of his being out of which circumstances grow, he then becomes the rightful master of himself.

“The *Vision* that you glorify in your *Mind*, the *Ideal* that you enthrone in your *Heart*, this you will build your life by, this you will become.”

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**How Boys and Girls
can develop
into full-rounded
Men and Women**